THE BOON'S LICK TIMES.

JAMES R. BENSON & CLARK H. GREEN,
Publishers and Proprietors.

TERMS.

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From the American Sentinel.

OUR COUNTRY.

The growth and prosperity of this country has been great and rapid without a parallel in the history of the world. Within a single life-time, within the memory of many yet living, this nation has gained in population, wealth and enterprise to an extent never realised or dreamed by any nation of ancient or modern times. And it has risen, not by wars of conquest and crime; not by the invasion of defenceless territories; not by treading upon the necks of subdued tribes of men; but by the peaceful arts, by homely and toilsome industry; by daring and large minded enterprise; by honorable competition in every market of the world; by generous institutions, wisely administered and cheerfully obeyed; by liberal advances to men of all climes; and by the benignity of God's providence shining upon her from cloudless skies, that her mighty youth has been nurtured into almost excessive greatness.

The rapidity with which some of our cities have reached their present size, wealth and splendor, wears more the air of romance than of history. New York may be named as an example. One hundred and fifty years ago, the whole amount of propty in the now chartered limits of that city, was assessed at the value of 99,000 lbs., and was owned by 300 persons. The whole amount of tax levied was 450 dollars. Then the place was infested by wolves, and rewards were offered for their extermination. The whole number of vessels belonging to the port were three barks, three brigantines, twenty six sloops, and forty-six open boats; and the whole number of carmen employed was but twenty. A century ago the population was but 9,000. Now it is one of the first commercial cities in the world. The harvest of the rivers is her revenue; and she is a mart of nations. She has become the crowning city, whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honorable of the earth.

Philadelphia, though of second-rate commercial importance, ranks even higher than her sister city in literary and scientific character and riches. Some of our old people yet living, can remember when grain fields occupied what is now the centre of our city, and when our entire population did not more than equal that of many of the villages at present surrounding us. Yet here are colleges, libraries, museums, collections of art, manufactories worthy of the oldest cities of Europe. Nay, in balancing accounts with the mother continent, we find it our debtor in medical discovery, in natural philosophy, and in the mechanic arts. As to the latter, after giving to Europe and the world the immortal Fulton to reveal the properties and powers of steam, are we not at this moment sending out from the work-shops of our Norrises and Baldwins locomotives and other appliances to the Russias and to England?

Nor are New York and Philadelphia singular instances of rapid increase. The whole country has grown in an equal and corresponding ratio, and notwithstanding temporary embarrassment, still swells, not with a bloated, but a substantial prosperity; and the most sober calculations of future prospects startle us as chimerical and dreamy.

A writer in one of the British Encyclopedias calculates that if the natural resources of the American continent were fully developend, it would afford sustenance to 3600 millions of inhabitants, a number five times as great as the entire mass of human beings existing at present on the globe. "And," continues the article, "what is still more suprising, there is every probability that this prodigious population will be in existence within three, or at most four centuries. The imagination is lost in contemplating a state of things which will make so great and rapid a change in the condition of the world. We almost fancy it a dream, and yet the result is based on principles quite as certain as those which govern the conduct of men in their ordinary pursuits. Nearly all social improvements spring from the reciprocal influence of condensed and greatly diffused intelligence. What then will be the state of society in America two centuries hence, when a thousand or two thousand millions of civilized men are crowded into a space comparatively so narrow, and speaking only two languages, as will doubtless be the case? History shows that wealth, power, science, literature, all follow in the train of numbers, general intelligence and freedom. The same causes which transferred the sceptre of civilization and the weight of influence from the banks of the Euphrates and the Nile to Western Europe, must in the course of no long period carry them from the latter to the plains of the Mississippi and the Amazon."

Musing on these prospects, what wonder if we sometimes deem of small account the distant din of Eastern and European politics, or the gibberish bickerings of domestic partizans. We are listening to the dim, but teeming future, as the child on the beach listens to the strange noise of his sea-shell. We hear the voices and the tread of thick and fast coming nations—we see the looming shadows of thousand doomed cities, of crowded prairies, hills and valleys. We sicken with the small things of the ever gurgling present, and have taste and resolution only for the task of reverentially preparing for the majestic advent of the future.

BOON'S LICK TIMES.

"ERROR CEASES TO BE DANGEROUS. WHEN REASON IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT."—JEFFERSON.

Vol. 1. FAYETTE, MISSOURI, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1840. No. 36.

YOUNG PAUGUS.

The "old French War," was over. The banner of England had long streamed above the towers of Quebec. The Indians had left the woods and lakes of New Hampshire, for the broader waters and deeper forests of Canada and the west. Time had benummed the iron sinews of the rangers—untamable by any other enemy—or they were sleeping "each in his narrow cell forever." Where the red man once roamed after the moose, prowled upon the scout, or lighted the council fire—now stood the infant village and the peaceful neighborhood. The waterfall, at whose foaming foot the Indian once darted his rude spear into the salmon, or hooked the trout upon *his carved bit of bone*, now turned the wheel of the clumsy grist-mill, whither the *jogging* farmer brought his "rye and Indian," over moor and hill, through bush and swamp, in safety. The congregations, as they gathered together "at meeting," no longer brought their charged guns to their house of worship, or feared that the prayers of their minister would be interrupted by the war hoop—of Lovewell's men scarcely a survivor remained, of the few that lived through the desperate fight at Pigwacket, Chamberlain was yet alive. He was an old grey-headed man. He had long given over hunting, and peace had changed his war spear into an implement of husbandry; of all his hunting and fighting gears nothing remained to him but the gun that shot old Paugus at Lovewell's pond, and the bullet pouch and yellow powder horn, covered over with Indian devices, which were the spoil of the savage in that terrible encounter. These he had preserved with an old man's care. His cottage, from which went the solitary smoke that caught the eye of Capt. Lovewell and his men, now was the centre of a considerable hamlet. A wild stream run past it, and, a little way below it, tumbled down a fall, on which stood one of the rude saw mills of that day. Old Chamberlain, once the swift hunter and the strong and proud warior, was now its humble owner, and more humble tender. He had survived his wife and his children. Few of his neighbors ventured to be familiar with him, on account of the stern peculiarity of his character, and he passed his days in solitude, excepting such associations as men had with him in his humble vocations.

In the year 1787, towards the close of one of those fair days in autumn, which make up the 'Indian summer,' a number of the villagers of P———— had gathered into their one story tavern, to talk over the affairs of the little public, as was their wont—when they were surprised and startled by the enterance of a young Indian among them. An Indian at that time had got to be a rarity in P————. He was tall, over six feet, and finely formed after the fashion of the forest. He had a belt of wampum around his waist and from it hung his tomahawk. A long gun was in his hand, and he stood in his moccasins with the grace and dignity of the son of a chief. He placed his gun behind the door, and silently took his seat by himself. A little before sunset, the farmers left the Inn and returned to their homes. One old hunter remained with the landlord and the young savage. The hunter eyed the Indian with keen attention—his suspicions were awakened at the sight of this warrior armed, so remote from the residence of the nearest tribe, and in a time of peace. He was acquainted with the Indian character in old wars, and his suspicions were heightened and confirmed, when he heard the young chief ask the landlord in a *low* and *different* tone if *"one Chamberlain dwelt in the village?* The lanlord pointed out to him the mill where the old man labored, and the village where he dwelt.—The Indian took his gun and went out.

"Some of the blood of old Paugus" said the hunter, "and I'll venture my life, come to avenge the death of that old chief upon Chamberlain.—I'll give the old man warning." He hastily stepped out and followed a winding foot path that led down to the saw mill, where the old man was still at his toils. He reached the mill and told Chamberlain, *that young Paugus from Canada had come with his rifle and his tomahawk, to avenge upon him the death of that chief.* Chamberlain's cheek turned ashy pale, and he sternly replied, 'tell young Paugus I have the gun that slew his father, and he had better return to the forest than molest me in my old age,' and as he spoke he pointed to the long gun, as it hung upon prongs of the moose horn, driven in the saw mill plate, and near it was suspended the bullet pouch and powder horn of Pigwacket. The hunter had given his warning and retired. The sun was setting at the south of Moosehillock. Chamberlain took down his gun—tried its flint—charged it—took the pouch and the horn, flung them upon his side, hung up near the saw gate, the old garments he had worn at work through the day, hoisted the gate of the mill and set it rapidly agoing, looked keenly around him in every direction, and retired to an eminence, a few rods distant, crowned with a clump of thick bushes, and crouched down to await the approach of his mysterious enemy. He was not, however, mysterious to Chamberlain.—The old man remembered every trait of the Indian character, and calculated with great accuracy as to the time and manner of young Paugus' advance. Just as it was growing dusky to distinguish a human form, except towards the west, the old man descried him creeping cautiously from a branch of bushes eight or ten rods above the mill by the side of the torrent, with his cocked rifle before and his hand upon the lock. The young savage heard the noise of the saw gate, and could discern it in rapid motion, and shrunk back in the thicket. He came out again a little distant from where he went in, and with wary motions of the ambush, reconnoitered the mill. Chamberlain eyed him all the while as the catamount eyes the fox. Young Paugus came out of the ambush the third time, and in a new quarter, and was stealthily advancing, when something seemed to catch his eye in the form of his father's slayer—he stopped short—brought his rifle to his eye, and with quick aim fired. The report rung sharp and low upon the still air, as if the gun itself was muffled, or afraid to speak above its breath. Young Paugus crept out upon a mill log that extended over the rapid, and stretched himself up to his full height, as if to ascertain, without advancing, the success of his shot. The old man could spare him no longer. He saw the well remembered form of the old Pickwacket chief, as the young savage stood against the sky of the west, which was still red with the rays of the sunken sun. He leveled the fatal gun—it blazed—young Paugus leaped into the air six feet as the ball whistled through his heart, and his lifeless body fell into the rapid that foamed below him, while his vengeful spirit fled, and mingled with that sterner one which parted long before at Lovewell's pond in "the land where their fathers had gone."

Chamberlain returned slowly and gloomily to his cottage. The next morning, a bullet hole through the centre of the old garment he had hung at the saw gate, admonished him, that the aim as well as the vengeance of old Paugus, had descended to his sons, and as he mused upon those he had slain, and reflected that, although he was old, he might have again to lift his gun against the blood of Paugus, or himself fall by their avenging hand—he wished bitterly that some other bullet than his own had slain that renowned Indian, and that they had never met to quench their battle thirst and scour out their foul guns, upon the beach of Lovewell's pond.

We select the following admirable production, on the subject of the Bunker Hill Monument, from the LADY'S BOOK; it was written by MISS HANNAH F. GOULD, one of New England's most gifted daughters:

THE RISING MONUMENT.

Rise in thy solemn grandeur, calm and slow,
As well befits thy purpose and thy place,
Great speaker! rise not suddenly, to show
The earth forever sacred at thy base.

Strong as the rocky frame-work of the Globe,
Proportioned fair, in altitude sublime,
With freedom's glory round thee as a robe,
Rise gently—then defy the power of time.

To future ages, from thy lofty site,
Speak in thy mighty eloquence, and tell
That where thou art, on Bunker's hallowed height,
Our WARREN and his valiant brethren fell.

Say, it was here the vital current flowed,
Purpling the turf, amid the mortal strife
For man's great birthright, from the breasts that glowed
With love of country, more than love of life.

Thou hast thy growth of blood, that gushing warm
From patriot bosoms, set their spirits free—
All who behold, shall venerate thy form,
And bow before thy genius, LIBERTY.

Here fell the hero and his brave compeers
Who fought and died to break a people's chain,
Thy place is sacred to Columbia's tears,
Poured o'er the victims for a nation slain.

Yet, from her starry brow a glory streams,
Turning to gems those holy drops of grief,
As after evening showers, the morn's clear beams
Show diamonds hung on grass, and flower, and leaf.

Upright and firm, as were thy patriot souls
That from thy native spot arose to God,
Stand thou and hold, long as our planet rolls,
This last, high place, by Freedom's martyrs trod.

Let thy majestic shadow walk the ground,
Calm as the sun, and constant as his light;
And by the moon, amid the dews be found
The sentinel who guards it through the night.

And may the air around thee ever be
To heaven-born liberty as vital breath;
But, like the breeze that sweeps the Upas tree,
To Bondage and Oppression certain death;

A beauteous prospect spreads for thy survey:
City and dome, and spire look up to thee;
The solemn forest and the mountain gray
Stand distant to salute thy majesty.

And ocean, in his numbers deep and strong,
While the bright shore beneath thy ken he laves,
Will sing to thee an everlasting song
Of freedom, with his never conquered waves.

Rise then, and stand unshaken till the skies
Above thee are about to pass away;
But when the dead around thee are to rise,
Melt in the burning splendors of the day!

For then will He, "whose right it is to reign"—
Who hath on earth a kingdom pure to save,
Come with his angels, calling up the slain
To freedom, and annihilate the grave.

LIFE IN THE WEST.

On the 17th inst., three of our friends, two of whom are residents of long standing in this town, set out on a journey, on foot, to see the land of promise on the north of the Wisconsin. With knapsacks on their backs, two with guns, a third with an axe, and one with a violin in addition to his equipment, to enliven their encampment, they deemed themselves able and buoyant enough to reach the Pacific ocean. At Prairie du Chien they were joined by an acquaintance. At that town they found the sick to outnumber the well; and of the U. S. troops stationed there, one hundred were on the sick list. From thence they struck for the Kickapoo country, which they were told was the finest country in the world; abounding in bears, deer, rattlesnakes, and every thing else that was charming. They walked in a north-east direction, from dawn till dark, finding the country nothing but a succession of sharp ridges and intervening hollows, nearly destitute of timber. At night they camped out; but instead of a delicious slice of fat bear, or the sweat meat of a doe or fawn, they were fain to make a supper on a prairie chicken, a pheasant, and two pigeons—neither bears nor deer having been seen—the absence of the rattle snake was not regretted. On lying down to sleep one of the company expressed his fears of a visit from the *painters*; but another thought such a visit would give them an opportunity of having their likenesses taken—on explanation, it was understood that *panthers* were more plentiful than painters in such places. One of the party waking in the night, and finding himself benumbed with cold, found that his friend (who must have had the idea of the *painter* still in his head) had interposed himself between the said party and the fire! Now the idea of putting your friend between you and the panthers is too much like politics; so the fire was renewed, places re-adjusted, and the equal chances of being eaten up encountered. The next morning they resumed their journey, and two hours walk brought them to an abandoned Indian villiage, delightfully situated in a bottom, containing about a quarter section of land, which was the only place they saw fit for a settlement. Having seen enough of the country, they concluded to return home by rafting down the Kickapoo. They made a good raft of four logs, on which they embarked. The course of the river being very surpentine, they made but little progress in a direct line; and the river was so full of snags that one man was kept constant at work with a pole in his hand, to guide the raft clear of obstructions. They found the Kickapoo a beautiful stream, about thirty feet wide, about fourteen feet deep in the shallowest places, and flowing between two ranges of mountains or bluffs from two to three hundred feet high. At night they encamped again, making a grand supper on two pigeons—half a bird a piece. Next morning—

"All hands unmoor!" the voyageurs loudly cry;
"Al hands unmoor!" the caverned rocks reply.

Having no food they tried the good effects of the fiddle, which answered pretty well but not equal to coffee and beefsteak. Owing to the siren strains of the violin, or some other cause, the man with the pole allowed the raft to strike a snag, when the whole concern foundered—guns, tea pot, tin cups, music book, and two pair of boots, which two of them had taken off, sunk or floated off.

To scramble ashore, to make a fire, to fish up the two guns was easily accomplished; but to supply the loss of the boots was not so easy to the two naked feet: so one took his knapsack and made a pair of moccasins, and the other his fiddle-case, which was merely a bit of painted linen, for the same purpose. Hereafter, let no persons go to explore a new country without a fiddle, seeing the many useful purposes to which it may be applied. The first movement now was to ascend the steep and rocky bluff, strewn with sharp flints, which inflicted painful bruises on the unprotected feet of two of the party. A walk of a few miles brought them to a clearing, where they found a family, the lady of which extended to them that sympathy, which the absolutely fainting condition of some of them from the want of food rendered necessary. Here they found good comforts for the inner man, which their kind hostess spread before them, refusing all payment until it had been pressingly offered to her.

They then directed their march to a ferry across the Wisconsin, and from thence took the road for Lancaster, lodging one night at a house by the way. Arriving at Lancaster, they were hospitably entertained, and furnished with such shoes and socks as their crippled condition enabled them to wear. The next night brought them to Platteville, having been absent eight days.

Here was a party of strong and hardy young men, one at least who is a thorough backwoodsman, going hardly more than a days journey beyond the frontier settlements, and yet by a trifling accident were reduced to the situation of shiprecked mariners. Their own account of their difficulties, of which this is a brief outline, has caused a deal of mirth in Platteville, and none seem to enjoy the laugh more than themselves.—[Northern Badger.

WHO COULD HAVE BELIEVED IT.

A GERMAN TALE.

There lived in Vienna a young man of rank and fortune, who bore a strong resemblance to many other young men of that and every city, for he was a dupe to all the follies of fashion and high life. He combined a flexible heart with a handsome person; it cost his mother a great deal to make him what is called a puppy; but by indefatigable diligence, she had at least effected her purpose. All the ladies consequently loved him, and he loved them all in return. It has been said that once or twice his attachments have been of more than a month's duration, but never did he repose any restraint upon himself or the object of his affection, by an irksome fidelity. He possessed the nicest powers of perception, whenever any word or look summoned him to victory, but he always had the good manners to pay every attention to the clock when it summoned the hour of parting.

With these qualifications, he was certain of success with the ladies. He paid his devoirs to all, and was at last tired of all. In one of his moments of torpid satiety, our hero had returned home before supper. Happy is he who feels the time least oppressive when at home—he belongs to the better kind of men. Our young count threw himself upon the sofa, stretched his limbs, yawned, and so forth. Suddenly it occurred to him that he was married. No wonder, that we should have forgotten it, since he himself had just now recollected it.

"Appropos," said he, and rung the bell—a servant entered.

"Go to your mistress and ask If I may have the pleasure of seeing her?" The servant listened attentively, and not believing the testimony of his own ears, the count repeated his orders, which the servant at length obeyed, shaking his head as he went. The countess was the amiable daughter of a country gentleman—she was a flower which, from the pressure of the court atmosphere drooped, but did not quite wither—to avoid ennui, she had no resource but to swim with the tide of high life. She and her husband sometimes met—they never avoided, nor ever courted each other's society. Before marriage they had seen little of each other, and after it they had no time for such employment. There were people enough who spared the Count the trouble of admiring his wife's perfections, and if they made no impress on her heart, they at least gratified her vanity.

Her husband's message was delivered to her at a moment when her state of mind was much the same as his—she knew not what to think of this unexpected visit.—She replied, however, that she should be happy to see him. He entered—he hoped he was not troublesome—took a chair—made remarks upon the weather—and recounted the news of the day. The conversation, as far as is related, was quite common, but his vivacity and Amelia's genius inspired it with interest. The time passed they knew not how—the count looked at his watch—was surprised to find it so late, and requested permission to sup with his wife. "With all my heart," replied Amelia—"if you can be content with my homely fare." Supper was brought—they eat, and were merry without being noisy. The calm pleasure possessed to them the charm of novelty; they were both pleasant without wishing to appear so, as quite new acquaintances; the hours flew swiftly away and the time for retiring to rest being arrived, the count took leave of the countess, highly pleased with his visit.

The next day he was invited to a concert, and did not learn till it was too late, that one of the virtuous being ill, the concert was deferred. How was he to pass the tedious evening? He inquired as he passed after his wife, and was informed she was somewhat indisposed.

"Well," thought he, "common civility requires that I should wait upon her, and ask her personally how she does." He sent a message, requesting that he might be allowed to set with her till supper, and was politely received. He was cheerful, lively and gallant. The supper hour arrived, and this time Amelia begged him to stay. He had been invited to a cassino party after the concert, notwithstanding which he remained with his wife, and their conversation was quite as pleasant, and less reserved than that of the preceding visit.

"Do you know," said Amelia, "that the party to which you were invited would find a little trouble in discovering the cause of your absence? He smiled, and paused for a moment. "I must tell you something in confidence," began he at length, while he was playing with his fork, "something which you think rather candid than gallant; you cannot imagine how much you have improved since your marriage." "My marriage," answered Amelia in a jocose tone, "I believe took place about the same time as your own." "Very true, my lady," replied he, "but it is inconceivable how so happy an alteration can have taken place in you. At that time—pardon me—you had so much rustic bashfulness, it is scarcely possible to recognize you, your genius is no longer the same; even your features are very much improved."

"Well, my lord," replied the countess, "without wishing to return the compliment, all that you have said to me, I thought of you. But upon my word," added she, "it is well that no one hears us; for it seems as if we were making love." The dialogue continued long in the same style, till Amelia looked at her watch, and in a fascinating tone, remarked that it was getting late.—The Count arose unwilliugly, slowly took his leave, and as slowly retired to the door—suddenly he again turned round.

"My lady," said he, "I find it very tedious to breakfast alone—may I be allowed to take my chocolate with you?" "If you please," answered Amelia, and they parted, still more pleased with each other.

The next morning it occurred to the Count that these frequent visits to his wife might give rise to scandalous reports. He therefore desired his valet not to mention it to any one. He then put on an elegant morning gown, and went softly over to Amelia.

Amelia had just risen in the most cheerful humor. The bloom upon her cheek rivalled the blush of morning. She was animated and witty—in short she was enchanting; and her husband, in an hour, discovered how much pleasanter it was to breakfast in company, than to sit alone, and opposite a glass, gazing at his own person, and looking into his yawning mouth.

"Why don't you come here every day?" said Amelia, "if my company is pleasant to you?" He answered that he feared his presence might prevent the visits of others.

"I shall miss no one, so long as you indemnify me by your society."

"Upon my word," said the count, "I have more than once wished that I was not your ladyship's husband."

"Why so?" demanded Amelia.

"That I might be allowed to tell you," returned he, "how much I love you."

"Oh! tell me so, I beg," cried she, if only for the sake of novelty."

"Fear not," answered the Count, "I hope, my lady, I shall never so far forget myself; but we have had, I think, two very agreeable 'tete-a-tetes' at supper—how if you were this evening to allow me a third?"

The appointment was on both sides exactly adhered to. Their conversation was this time less lively, less brilliant; they gazed at each other oftener, and spoke less; the heart began to assert its influence, and even arrived so far, that they once during a pause, involuntarily squeezed each other's hand across the table, although the servants were still in the room. Who could have believed it?

Amelia very plainly perceived that it was late, but she did not look at her watch. Her husband made not the smallest effort to depart—he complained that he was somewhat tired, but not sleepy. In a word, from this day they parted in the morning instead of midnight, because they were then both ready to breakfast together.

The Count, enchanted with his new conquest, eloped with Amelia into the country, when they, with astonishment, discovered that the theatre of nature, and the concert of nightingales, surpassed all other theatres and concerts. They at first thought of staying a few days; every morning they intended to depart, and every evening they again changed their intentions. When autumn, however, approached, they returned to Vienna. The same evening they went to the play, and our hero had the courage to sit in the same box with Amelia.

Who could have believed it? To such a dreadful extent may a man be led by one thoughtless step. Ye happy husbands in high life, take warning by the mournful example of our Count!

From the Bombay Times.

EXPULSION OF A DEVIL FROM A WIDOW'S LEG.

A trial took place lately in the Supreme Court, so singular in its details, and presenting such a characteristic illustration of the lights and shadows of Indian life—of simplicity and superstitious credulity on the one part, of craft and deliberate knavery on the other—that it deserves to be placed on record.

The following are the facts proved in the evidence:—

A poor widow named Tukkee, who earned her livelihood by selling greens in the market, was living in a small hut with her daughter-in-law. Having been attaked with some complaint in the knee, she applied for medicine to a market gardener, named Dhondeeba, who appears to have some knowledge of "simples" in more senses than one. Dhondeeba, after applying some remedies without any effect, at last told her that she was bewitched by the art and magic of some malicious person, and that her only hope of remedy was in resorting to the counter charms of some other sorcerer, adding that a friend of his who was very skilful in these matters, would do her business effectually. He accordingly introduced her to one Daood, the keeper of a betel leaf shop, who promised to udertake her cure.

Daood and his partner one Dhoolajee, repaired next day to the widow's house, and held a long consultation on her case. After a full examination of her leg, they withdrew to a little distance and sitting down upon the ground held a long dialogue, of which the patient was allowed to hear the following significant portion:

First conjuror: This is not a natural ailment; some enemy has done it.

Second conjuror: Clear—she is enchanted.

First conjuror: She has got a devil in her leg.

Second conjuror: She is very full of devils.

First conjuror: The devil Mahar has got into her.

Second conjuror: He is a bad devil, that.

Having come to this satisfactory conclusion, and communicated it to the bewitched widow, they sent her daughter-in-law for some limes, flowers and leaves, a little incense, and some molasses; on getting which they went thro' some ceremonies and applied a charm to the suffering limb; then mixing up a food-offering to the gods of molasses, they made her and her daughter-in-law partake of it, and went away. The next morning, on visiting their patient, they found the charm had wrought no effect; from which they adduced convincing proof to the widow that the devil in her leg was of a peculiar malignant nature. They accordingly told her it would take seven days to combat him, and on the eighth they would cast him out. Pursuant to this plan, they continued their magical operation for seven days, and on the morning of the eighth day informed the widow that in the evening they would bring two other strong conjurors, and with their aid would expel the devil. At the hour appointed, the conjuror arrived, and having sent the daughter-in-law for the limes, flowers, incense and molasses, two of the party sat at the door as tilers, to prevent the ingress of strangers, as the devil would not brook their approach.

The other two disposed the flowers and limes according to rule, on a board, and burning some incense, and going through some mummery, prepared another food-offering to the gods of molasses, and giving it to the two women to eat withdrew and sat near the tilers. Shortly after they had swallowed it the widow fell down and became senseless; her daughter in-law also felt giddy, but retained sufficient consciousness to perceive and be alarmed at the state of her mother-in-law—she went therefore to where the four magicians were sitting in the dark, and said to them, 'What is the matter with my mother-in-law?' They replied 'Don't be alarmed, nothing is the matter; only the devil is coming out; you will hear him speak presently;' not satisfied with this, the girl turned all of the conjurors out, and begging a female neighbor to sit at the door, got another to lead her by the hand to her uncle's home, as her head reeled, and she was unable to walk alone. As soon as she had gone the conjurors came back to the house and frightened the female neighbor away, telling her that they were casting the devil out of the widow's leg, and that if she approached he would enter into her. Having thus cleared the field, they proceeded to ease the widow—not of the devil but of a gold nose ring and necklace, and then departed. When the girl returned with her uncle they found the old woman lying like a corpse and stripped of her ornaments, and shortly afterwards the dose administered in the food-offering, which in all probability was stramonium, began to take effect on the girl, and she also fell senseless; towards morning they both recovered, but only partially, as it appers they cast off their clothes and went about naked to the neighbors, who brought them back and administered some medicine; after another day and night, being now perfectly recovered, they went to the betel leaf shop of Daood and Dhoolajee, and the widow asked why they did not come the two last days to follow up the charm? Daood replied, 'What is the use of our coming alone; the other two conjurors are our masters in magic—we are only disciples, and it would be useless to come without them." The widow then stated that she had been robbed of her jewels, on which the disciples observed it must have been the other two master magicians that had done it, adding, "If you will give us 25 rupees and a horse to ride after them we will pursue and seize them." She replied, "I am a poor widow; where am I to get 25 rupees and a horse? The authorities will decide between us."

And forthwith she had them both taken up by the police.

The two tilers, as well as Dhondeeba, have absconded, but the two principal actors in this scene of imposture and robbery—Daood and Dhoolajee, were brought to trial, and being convicted, were sentenced to seven years' transportation to Singapore.

A pretty Riddle.—"I will consent to all you desire," said a young female to her lover, "on condition that you give me what you have not, what you never can have, and yet what you can give me." What did she ask him for? A husband.